

Do. do.	2 insertions.	1 00
Do. do.	3 do.	3 00
Do. do.	3 months, without range.	3 00
Do. do.	6 do.	5 00
Do. do.	12 do.	8 00
Do. do.	6 do. removed weekly.	12 00
Do. do.	12 do. removed weekly.	20 00

Advertisements ordered by the advertiser in the inside margin of 71 cents per square for each insertion after the first.

An advertisement upon which the number of insertions is not marked, will be continued until ordered out, and charged 25 cents per square for each insertion.

A liberal discount will be made on advertisements exceeding one square, when published 6 or 12 months, CASH IN ADVANCE.

No advertisement, reflecting upon private character or under any circumstances, be admitted.

We noticed lately the changes constantly taking place in the location of trade, giving some of the cau-

THE SHIP THAT HAD A WHOLE STOVE IN HER.

BY MIKE.

"Are you the owner of the fine vessel lying at the top of Walnut street?" enquired an inveterate joker one of our wealthiest ship owners, a few days since.

"I believe I am, sir," replied the merchant, comfortably looking over his spectacles at the enquirer; and why that question?"

"Because, in passing her a few moments ago, I observed that she had a whole stove in her," responded the jester.

"A hole stove in her?" exclaimed the merchant, hurriedly starting from his desk; "how in the world could that have happened?"

"I can't say, sir."

"Is it very large? and is she in a sinking condition?" eagerly asked the owner, as he put on his hat and overcoat.

"Well, sir, I think you might put that in it," pointed out the jester coolly.

"Whether that would be likely to sink her or not, I cannot say."

"Confusion!" grasped the merchant; "some carelessness of the Stevedores again. Only a day or two

property is to many but a slight annoyance. Perhaps, however, the greatest difficulty which a purchaser has to overcome is to find a dealer who comes to the market as called for above, and to the division of the goods. Formerly, a Dry Goods Dealer kept a full assortment of everything in his line, and it required no little tact and exercise of memory to keep each line full. Now, one house confines itself to woollens, another to cottons, another to silks, and still another to fancy articles; and even these are subdivided, as in woollens, one keeps allorials, and another dress goods and women's wear, one cottons, and another confines himself to prints, another to the plain goods; silks, we have establishments for piece goods, and others for ribbons and smaller articles. The tendency is to a still more minute division, and thus we have a dealer in hosiery, a dealer in lace, a dealer in perfumery, a dealer in pocket handkerchiefs, a dealer in gloves, and a dealer in stationery, just to mention a few at sunders! We suppose in ten years there will be an establishment for spool cotton, and another for corset-laces, if such instruments of torture shall then be in vogue. Let no one suppose that the notice of these changes, we would argue that the world is treading to barbarism, or that the merchants of the present generation are all of them less wise, or more selfish than their predecessors. We are, on the contrary, in the progressive improvement of our race, but we would have the advancement in moral worth keep pace with the progress of refinement. We are not prepared to say that the division of goods here noticed may not be of positive convenience, although it certainly increases the labor of the purchaser. It may, however, induce a more judicious method in the selection of goods, and we think it has already led to some change in the response of our buyers now make to a considerable extent, a corresponding division of their time, and one day is set apart for woollens, another for silks, and so on through the whole catalogue. Could some stout customer of the last century, awaking from a Rip Van Winkle sleep, be set down at this day in some of our thronged thoroughfares, he would not sorely long for the footway where he had made a black cross against all the articles upon his memorandum.

N. Y. Dry Goods Reporter.

"A block of marble fall on her deck, and now
of mine is to share the same fate."
Without stopping to thank your joking friend for
the compliment, the apprentice started for
Albion street wharf, at, for him, a very unusual pace.
"She hasn't sunk yet, at all events," exclaimed he,
he approached the vessel which lay quite uncon-
scious of the accident reported to have happened here.
And there are the men at work loading her with
coastings. Surely this fellow must have mistaken the
ship for a merchant ship, and however, relax his
step, but walking hurriedly up to the captain, who
as quietly overseeing the workmen, exclaimed :—
"How's this; Captain C—? A gentleman has
just informed me that the Adelia has a hole stove in
her hull."
"A hole stove in her? Where? Is the first
mate here?" cried the captain, looking
at the incredulous air of his employer. "You must
have been misinformed, sir, for I am morally certain
at nothing of the kind could have possibly hap-
pened." But your own eyes will satisfy you that your in-
formation is incorrect."
"I am very glad to hear it," dryly replied the own-
er; "yet it appears very strange that this man
should have made so gross a mistake. Has such an
accident happened to any other vessel along the
coast?"
"Not that I have heard," said the captain. "and I
very sure that if anything of the kind had oc-
curred we should have known it."
It is very singular—very. If it were the first of
April instead of the middle of February, I would
think it a fellow designed to make me believe
that he had made a mistake that I cannot but think he
really believed that such an accident had happened."
Saying this, the merchant turned his steps home-
ward, when his eye fell upon S, who was too fond
of a joke not to place himself where, at the proper
time, he would be forthcoming. As soon as the old
apprentice spied S he beckoned to him. With a mis-
chievous grin, the old man, who, look-
ing sternly at him, enquired,
"Are you not the person who called at my count-

CAPITAL, IN CALIFORNIA.—The estimated value of capital employed in agriculture, real estate and improvements, in California, is as follows:	
Capital employed in Stock, Farming and Gardening.....	\$1,857,504
in Fruits and Horticulture.....	100,000
Improvements and Real Estate.....	6,348,246
Farming utensils.....	125,940
Milling.....	140,880
Estimate of El Dorado and Calaveras.....	10,000,000
vine Stock.....	18,903,714
Agricultural Products.....	6,162,040
Capital in cultivation.....	1,000,000
Estimate for El Dorado and Calaveras.....	5,000,000
Manufactures, &c.....	1,150,000
Mineral Mining.....	5,871,403
Quarrying.....	10,000,000
Other.....	3,851,023
Estimate for El Dorado Mining.....	2,500,000
Total.....	\$108,522,669

THE WIFE OF ADAM JACKSON.—A lady in the West has been kind enough to send the *Editor of the New Orleans Courier* a copy of *Adam Jackson's Epiphany* on his wife. It is known to have been his composition; yet although it has been read by hundreds at his tomb in Tennessee, it has never appeared in print before. The concluding inscription runs thus:—
 "Here lie the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 23d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind.—She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure, by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress; and to the rich she was an example; to the wretched a comforter; and to the pious an ornament; by her pious wet hand in hand, with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle, and yet so tranquil, slander might wound but could not dishonour—even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could not transplant her to the bosom of the Great God."

"Adelia had a hole stove in her bottom?" said S., "I did not say in her bottom, sir," said S., demurely; "I merely stated that she had a whole stove in her bottom."

"Well, sir, you will have the kindness to inform me in what part of the vessel it is. You decide, if I recollect rightly, that a scuttle of coal might put in it."

"I did, sir, and am prepared to prove my assertion," said S., spiritedly; "but first, sir, permit me to ask you a single question?"

"Proceed, sir."

"Well, then, what do you call that?" said S., pointing to a large stove which the hands were lowering in the hold of the vessel.

"That," said the merchant, looking sharply at "that, sir, is a stove."

"A complete stove?"

"Yes, sir, a complete stove."

"Do you think that stove would hold a scuttle of coal as large as that in your counting-room?"

"I should think it would, sir."

"Is there not another of the same kind off board?" asked S., enquiringly, of the captain.

"There is, sir," replied that dignitary.

"Well, then," said S., looking very seriously at ship owner, "if that's a complete stove, it must be a whole stove, and you will at once agree with me that a vessel has a whole stove in her large enough to store in that scuttle of coal in your office. Good morning, sir," and with a wink at the captain, who well understood and relished the "sell," the joker walked off.

"Impudent! I wish I knew his name; and I'll give him a pretty good joke." Captain C— "You will observe me by saying nothing of this," said the old gentleman, as he started for his office.

"Certainly not, sir," replied the captain, turning away to hide the laughter with which he was bursting.

ENGLISH CHANCERY.—At a recent dinner given to judges by the Lord Mayor of London, Vice-Chancellor Wood having expressed the opinion that hereafter there would be less occasion to complain of the delays of the court of chancery, Mr. Charles Dickens, in reply to a toast, "begged to say he was delighted to hear from Vice-Chancellor Wood, that the court of chancery would not in future be what it had been in the past. [A laugh.] He had reasons to hope that suit which had been going on for some years past, and in which he was interested, might, by the learned judge's intervention, be brought to a satisfactory termination." [A laugh.]

Here is a Brickbat lately thrown by a political rival in Kentucky: "We are informed that in several parts of this Congressional District Colonel m Pike, of the *Flag*, and formerly of this city, has been favorably spoken of for Congress. Pike's qualifications and personal attainments are highly commended in some places. Our criticism regard him is extensive; as to his legislative qualifications we know nothing—but for his *patriotism*, when we last saw him, he knew no North, no South, no East, no West. He kindly extended him our arm and led him up as usual."

The Oldest Woman in the World.
A few hours ago, was reported to the English papers the death of Mary Bolton, an old English lady, twenty-five years, and claimed to have been, while living, the oldest woman in the world. To determine the relative ages of women is at all times a delicate, and sometimes a difficult undertaking. And except the honor of the State in general, and the well-being of the human race, there is no other motive in the perilous experiment. Moved by these considerations, however, we march boldly up to danger, and assert, that in the State and District aforesaid, there is a lady, Mrs. Singleton by name who possesses two important advantages over the venerable deceased just mentioned. The first is, that she is now in the prime of her life, and is not, as her predecessor, an old woman; the second is that she is yet alive and vigorous, and her faculties are still unimpaired, and she retains all her senses, except that of sight, of which she was deprived, at the advanced age of ninety-nine years, by an attack of measles. Her bodily energy exhibits no signs of decay, for many years, she being still able to walk briskly about the house. She has outlived all her children, her oldest daughter but one.

SORTISH JUSTICE.—A poor man, half a century ago or more, was tempted to violate the game laws, by shooting a deer, the penalty for the offence being fine of five pounds, or in default of funds, thirty lashes. He gave half the deer to a neighbor, who led the meanness afterwards to complain of him in court that he might get half the fine; and the law being that half must go to the informer and half to the king. The offender was convicted, and fined accordingly; but pleaded that he had no money.—“Well, mon,” said the magistrate, “we must have lashes then.” The poor man was submissive, and the magistrate then said to the Sheriff, “take that man, the informer, tie him till yon tree, and give him fifteen lashes, which will be his half; and when George come over, we will give him his half.—half till he informer and half till the King.”

ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN.—The following has been recently passed and approved in Massachusetts:—When, after the birth of an illegitimate child, its parents have intermarried or shall intermarry, and the father has acknowledged, or shall, after marriage, acknowledge him as his child, such child shall be considered as legitimate to all intents and purposes.

At some of the Hotels in Vermont they give you glass of “good river water,” which has such a peculiar flavor that some people mistake it for Schnapps, and leave a fourpence on the counter.

er, if now living, would be over sixteen years of age. We have not learned the place of Mrs. Single's nativity, but the greater portion of her life has been spent in Williamsburg. So much for the distant, said to be, the sickliest in the State. It contains the largest number of its whole population, as many full-blooded, well made, good looking men, as any county of Kentucky. We announced, but the other day, that one of its citizens at the advanced age of 108 years, and now, climax closes with another, living, the age of 131 years. Which, of the mountain districts, can equal this showing?

1839.—A learned young lady the other evening, astonished a company by asking for the loan of "a diminutive, argentine, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semierofuted with symmetrical indentations." She wanted a thimble.

1839.—Mrs. Partridge is said to have anxiously inquired if Uncle Tom had a better man than Enoch, of medical fame. Her reason for making this inquiry is that she has heard that Uncle Tom has been translated seven times, while Enoch was translated but once.

Eight steamers valued at a million and a quarter, have been lost within the last eighteen months on the Pacific Coast. The Pacific's reputation as a quagmire ocean, cannot survive many more such disasters.